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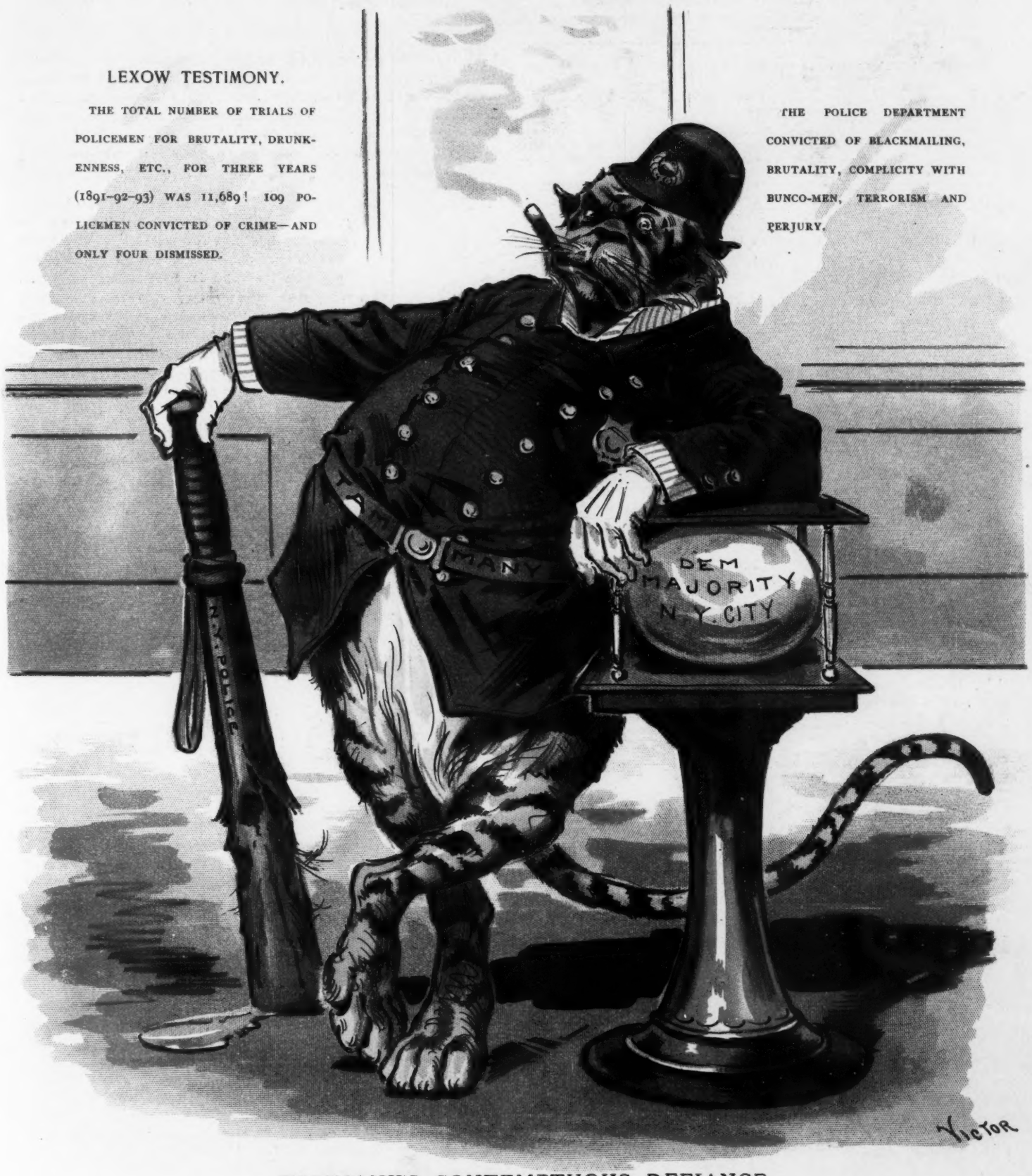

TAMMANY'S CONTEMPTUOUS DEFIANCE.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Judge

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM.
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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IT IS MR. MAYNARD who is running—not Mr. Hill.

* * *

MR. LOCKWOOD looks to us like a Daniel in the lions' den.

* * *

MR. FLOWER ought to have sent his congratulations to Mr. Whitney.

* * *

CHINA TO JAPAN—"Say, can't we compromise this matter somehow?"

* * *

MR. CLEVELAND breathes a cold frost on the Hill ticket and stabs it with an icicle.

* * *

MR. HILL is so much of a czar that he has great fear of some impending Republican and Democratic dynamite.

* * *

JOHN BOYD THACHER had a sufficiency of encouragement to warm his heart and loosen his purse-strings.

* * *

WHAT YOU WANT just now, Senator Hill, is a pair of eyes in the back of your head. Otherwise the anti-snappers will ratify you with a knife.

* * *

POWERFUL DEMOCRATIC ARGUMENT—That Morton has a hotel at which whisky is sold at the outrageous price of twenty cents a drink.

* * *

ADA REHAN, according to a contemporary, is now "a full-fledged star." A star of that kind is a curiosity, but in our opinion Miss Rehan is no chicken.

* * *

MR. HILL would like to be looked upon as the saviour of his party; but as it can't be saved he will pose in 'ninety-six as a victim and a martyr.

* * *

WHATEVER ONE may think of the policy of Democratic denunciation of the American protective association, hath not the party mixed religion with its politics in so doing?

* * *

THE QUEEN, who will visit her grandson the kaiser next May, is now knitting stockings for her great-grandchildren, and will probably carry along a pot-cheese and some bread of her own making.

* * *

A NOBLEMAN in Germany may not have an opinion without imperiling his friendly relations with the kaiser. He is to be rebuked and his society tabooed He will be scolded and he won't be invited to the royal board. Yet there is a popular impression that the divine rights have been transferred from the king to the people.

LAYING FOR LUXURIES.

HUNGRY HULKS—"Keep it dark, mum; but I'm a reporter frum de Chicago *Inter-Ocean* writin' up a artickel on how it feels ter be a tramp, an' dem ez treats me proper I'll write up magnifercent."

BAD JOB.

MR. CROKER would have managed that Democratic convention more successfully than Hill did. "Pity that Crape isn't here to take care of his own funeral," said Smith at the last rites of the undertaker so named. "He'd have had himself underground long before this."

CLOSE 'EM UP.

PROHIBITIONISTS who drink unfermented grape-juice are reminded by Kate Field that their stomachs are illicit distilleries because the fermenting which is unavoidable is done in that part of the prohibitive interior department. This is not a discovery, but it hasn't been thought of heretofore. If, now, the police do their duty the prohibitive mouth will be securely closed.

THE OTHER TICKETS.

IT WILL BE easy enough for the Republicans to beat the Democratic ticket; but they must remember that there are three other tickets in the field—that of the socialist-labor party, that of the populists, and that of the prohibitionists. These tickets are so ambushed that they are likely to be overlooked, and they may attempt a mean surprise. Then there is talk of an anti-vaccination ticket. Let us be watchful and let us not be beaten by over-confidence.

A HELPLESS MOB.

THE FIRM but velvet hand of a man like Mr. Platt was greatly missed in the late Democratic gathering at Saratoga. For a time the delegates were a mere mob, and when some slight order succeeded the appalling chaos there was a look of mingled amazement and helplessness on every countenance that was extremely pathetic. Thus we see the good of organization. Had anybody attacked that convention in its state of confusion not a Democrat would have been left to tell the tale of its total destruction.

REGARDING AN IMPROPRIETY.

A YOUNG WOMAN was arrested in Berlin for kissing such men as came her way, both publicly and privately. Kissing of this kind has generally gone to the other sex, and it is frequently a bad rule that works both ways; but it is most surprising that any woman should have so little refinement as to make an open display of her susceptibilities when it is so easy to exercise them without publicity and far more satisfactorily. Think of the annoyance to the person hugged.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BOSSES.

THE BOSSES of the Democratic party felt better after Mr. Hill made the remark at Saratoga, "There is no boss here; the people are running this convention." It relieved them of an irksome and a dangerous responsibility. They had dreaded it so much that they had run away from it with all the legs they had. They had even got ahead of the men mentioned for the nominations. And when Mr. Hill and the people had done the work they heaved a sigh of relief that was felt and heard from Black rock to Coney island.

THREE BLACK CROWS.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET lacks the virtue of cohesiveness. It ought to be attended with the motto, "Divided we stand, united we fall." Hill has fought Lockwood because that gentleman was Cleveland's friend. Lockwood has fought Hill for that very reason; and it is even questionable whether Hill's friend Sheehan didn't put Lockwood up for the purpose of knocking him down. The judicial candidate naturally has the hatred of every Tammany man. That is inevitable in view of the position to which he is nominated. Of course the state Democracy and the Shepard organization would be opposed to Hill if they hadn't been invited out of the Saratoga convention; and of course the thousands of Democrats who helped whip Maynard will help whip Hill. Birds of a variety of feather do not flock together with any great success, and these three Saratoga flyers have flown apart before they have touched wings. The ticket, in other words, goes to pieces of its own volition, and nobody cares enough for it to gather up the fragments. That this is the situation will be more obvious as the campaign goes on.

THE LECTURE-SEASON IS OPEN.

NOW comes on the lecture-season, when our men of rhyme and reason and our travelers and scientists and humorists of note catch the hayseed town committees of our inland towns and cities and accumulate the dollars with a borrowed long-tailed coat.

Ah, what themes—"Our Silent Forces" and "Our Nation's Vast Resources" and "Some Statesmen I Have Saw" among the rest; with "My Journey to Alaska" and "My Trip to Madagascar," and some magic-lantern pictures of "The Boom Towns of the West."

And the funny man is punning and the punny man is funning and is breaking down his system just to incubate a joke, and among the very smartest is a "Boston facial artist," who can twist his simple features from the statesman to the moke.

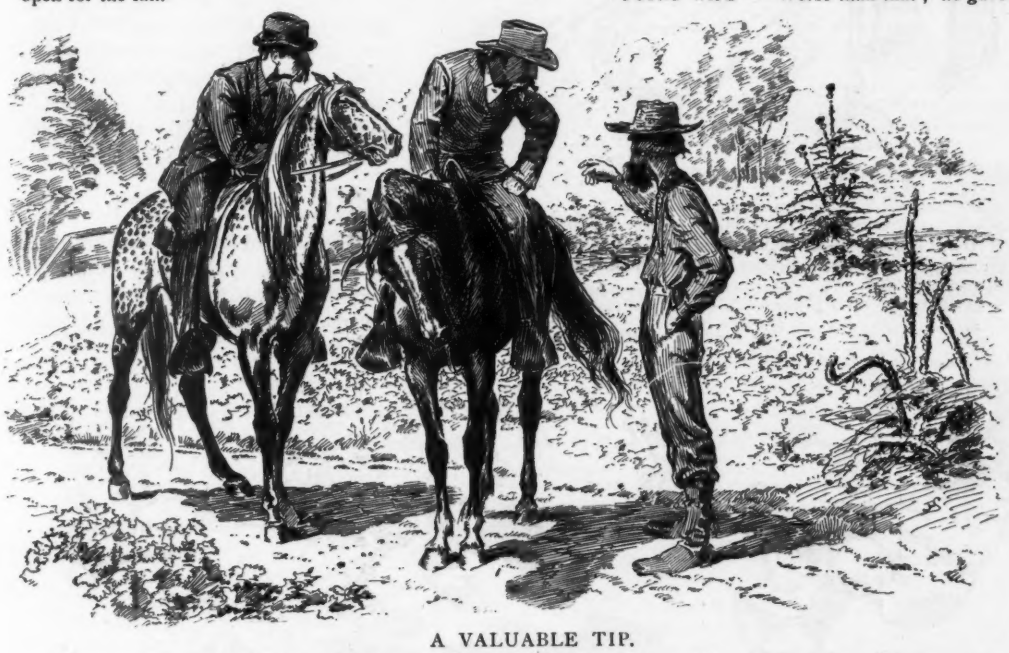
And they get there in the smoker, scientist and prof. and joker, and some of them about as full as they will find the hall; and the coughing and the wheezing and the speaker's rapid sneezing proclaim the lecture-season is now open for the fall.

THROWING PHYSIC TO THE DOG.

YOUNG WIFE (*sobbing*)—"Oh, mamma, I shall get a divorce! I can stand it no longer. I made George some of my best angel-cake and"——

MOTHER (*interrupting*)—"Did the brute ridicule it?"

YOUNG WIFE—"Worse than that; he gave it to poor, dear little Fido—and—Fido died."



A VALUABLE TIP.

SHERIFF (*on scent of a prize-fight*)—"Perhaps you can give me some idea of where the mill is going to be to-night."

FARMER ROWEN—"Wa-al, rather."

SHERIFF (*eagerly*)—"Anything definite?"

FARMER ROWEN—"Wa-al, I should say ya-as.'

SHERIFF—"Here's a dollar. Kindly give me a 'pointer.' I'd like to take it in."

FARMER ROWEN (*accepting dollar*)—"Wa-al, I wouldn't swear ez t' your takin' it in, but it's goin' t' be right in th' same place whar it's stood nigh onter twenty year—jes' below th' dam."

MORE THAN A SISTER.

"DARLING, tell me that you love me!
Oh, be true, and tell me whether
In the happy years before us
We shall spend our lives together."

"I am sorry for you, Harry;
I've gone further than I meant to,
For with you I ne'er can marry.
I will be your friend; and then, too"

"Do not say you'll be a sister,
For I'll never be a brother!"
"No, not that; for I've just promised
I shall be your own step-mother." G. B.

THE PITY OF IT.

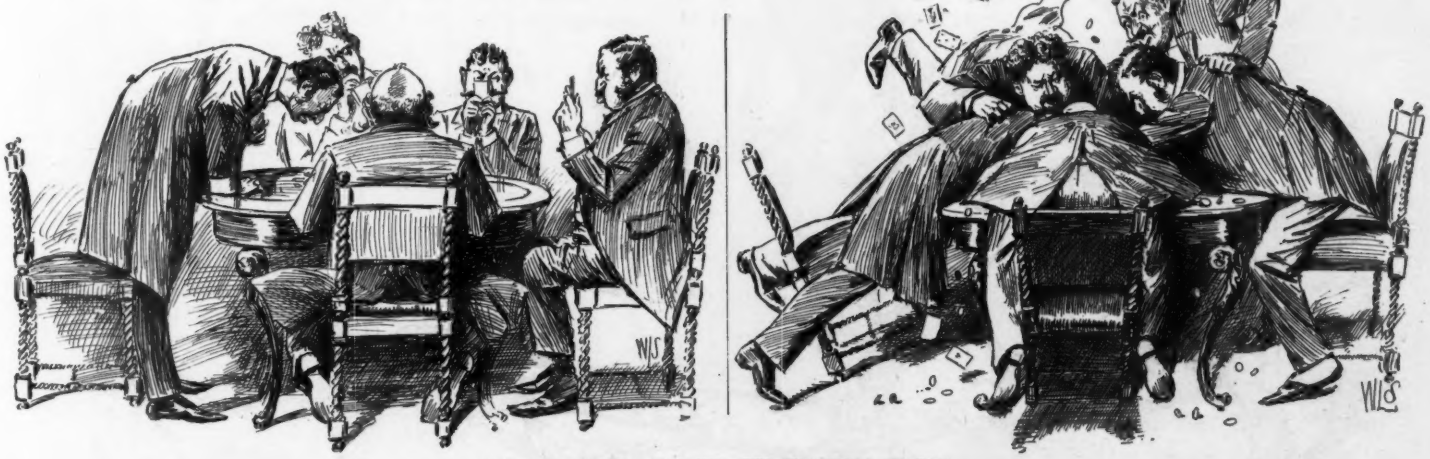
Meredith—"Miss Upton is revenged on Charley Younglove for breaking with her and marrying her rival."

Petersham—"In what way?"

Meredith—"She met him on Eighth avenue the other evening, just before dinner, in the vicinity of the Horloge flats."

Petersham—"That's where he lives. The locality is rather unfashionable; but what of it?"

Meredith—"He was carrying a meringue pie."



AN EPISODE AT THE JERUSALEM CLUB.

COHENSTEIN (*the banker*)—"Dere vas von redt chip too many in der chack-pot, I dink"——

THE WHOLE PARTY—"Oxcuse me, it vos mine!"

AT THE LISZT CONCERT.

Molly (during the introductory number, softly) —"Mamma was *very* much opposed to my coming here with you without a chaperon. She would never have allowed it if it had not been a Liszt concert. I am taking up Liszt, you know, and she thought it might help me. I promised her I would give the *strictest* attention."

Cholly (with equal softness)—"Ah, yes. Why weren't you at the Prendergasts' last night? I hunted for you for an hour."

Molly — "Oh, were you at the Prendergasts'? How provoking! We went to the Gleasons' poky old reception instead."

Cholly (delightedly)—"Provoking? It was exasperating—maddening!"

Molly (during the Spanish rhapsody)—"Did you dance?"

Cholly (reproachfully) — "*Dance?* I went home at eleven."

Molly (pouting)—"I suppose Miss Prendergast looked lovely?"

Cholly —"I didn't look at her."

Molly (smiling) — "You didn't, truly?"

Cholly (during the Mephisto waltz) — "Was Howe Baxter at the Gleasons'?"

Molly —"Yes, and he talked to me the whole evening."

Cholly (with heavy gloom) — "Indeed!"

Molly—"Yes. He's *such* a bore!"

Cholly (joyfully) —"He's a cad. I wasn't sure you thought so. I thought one time you rather fancied him"

Molly —"I despise him!"

Cholly —"You *dear* little—little" —(Faint murmurings till the commencement of the third Hungarian rhapsody.)

Molly — "I don't know what mamma will say!"

Cholly (deliriously) — "Say! Do you care? *I'm* too happy to think of anything but how happy I *am*. Don't you feel that same way, darling? You little teenty-tonty"——

Molly — "Oh, I do, dearest! (Vaguely and dazedly) — "What are they playing? I—it isn't anything of Meyerbeer's, is it?"

Cholly — "No. I think it's something from the 'Mikado.'"

EMMA A. OPPER.

IN WHAT WAY HE COULD TELL.

SHOP-GIRL—"What size does your wife wear?"

SUBURBAN JONES (*who is shopping a little for his wife*)—"Ah—twenty; no, twenty-one—or two—blamed if I haven't forgotten."

SHOP-GIRL —"I wear a twenty; do you think my waist is about the size of your wife's?"

SUBURBAN JONES—"Ahem—ah—can't just say, but if you'll let me put my arm around you I can tell to a dot."

WHAT FETCHES HIM.

THOUGH winter be with tempest tossed
The farmer can't complain,
But 'tis the early autumn frost
That goes against his grain.

SINCERE ADMIRATION.

Mr. Boozley (reading) — "'It is grand sport. There is no pleasure like reeling off ten or twenty miles on one's wheel.' What a cycler that (hic) man must be! Why, it's (hic) all I expec' to be able to do to (hic) reel home two blocks t'night!"

FROM NEW JERSEY PAPER.

"THE rabid animal was shot and killed by Mr. ——, but not until he had bitten his master and several other dogs."

WHY THE BLACKVILLE CATCHER OWNED THE TOWN.
The high throw from centre that was caught, and——

—— the phenomenal back somersault "put-out" at the plate, that cut off the winning run and saved the game.

FATAL REPETITION OF A FAKE.

PROFESSOR LARYNX (*the ventriloquist*) —"Thanks for your applause, ladies and gents. I will endeavor to repeat the parrot imitation!"

A PRIEST-RIDDEN PATRIOT.

"WHAT! you are going to stay away from the polls on election-day? You a Democrat too!"

"Well, I'm conscientious about it."

"Ah, vote as you pray, eh?"

OF COURSE.

Freddie—"Mamma, me face is dirty. Please wash it."

Mamma—"Freddie, where in the world do you learn to say 'me face,' like a little street Arab? Why don't you say 'my face is dirty'?"

Freddie—"Because your face isn't dirty."

NOTHING STRANGE.

"OH, MY love she is so sweet!"
Exclaims her ardent Charley.
"She seems sweet enough to eat!"
Which she does quite regularly.

ALWAYS HAPPENS SO.

Chicago butcher—"I've been handling so much pork to-day that I never want to see another piece of it."

His wife—"I should think you would get sick of it. Well, come to dinner."

Chicago butcher—"What have you for dinner?"

His wife—"Some nice roast pork."

PROFESSOR LARYNX—"Pretty poll!"

SUPPOSED PARROT—"Pretty polly."

PROFESSOR LARYNX—"Polly want a cracker?"

SUPPOSED PARROT—"Polly wants a cracker."

PROFESSOR LARYNX—"What kind?"——

A BIASED COMPLIMENT.

PARSON LONGHEAD—"Brudder Diggitts, I wishes toe t'ank yo' heartily fo' yo' wonnerful sleight-o'-hand perfo'mance lars' night in benefit o' dis chu'ch. I also requests, in regyard fo' yo' own feelin's, dat yo' 'lows Elder Bimms toe pass de plate dis mawnin', as de sinful congregashun dat saw yo' magic lars' ebenin' am all speckerlatin' on seein' dere money changed intoe de 'widder's mite' befo' de plate reaches de chancel."

THE PARROT—"Any kind!"

PROFESSOR LARYNX (*to himself*)—"Hully gee! Blamed ef der supe didn't fergit ter giv' 'im one on der encore."

PAT'S PUZZLE.

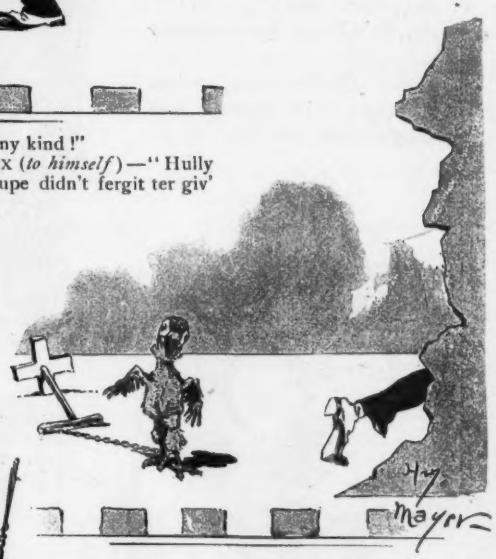
Paddy—"Oi wonder how the divil the shtrate-car company thinks a man could git aff av their car widout bein' in motion."

PIN-FEATHERS.

Freddie (who has been watching cook prepare dinner)—"Mamma!"

Mamma (in an agony of apprehension)—"Yes, Freddie; but don't bother mamma now. Don't you see she's busy?"

Freddie—"Yes, mamma; but Mr. Baldy's head needs singeing."



!——!!——!!! Wild applause! Curtain!

THE INSCRUTABLE LAW OF OPPOSITES.

Why is it that a little man, who can grow King Humbert mustaches, invariably selects an amazonian consort like this, while ——

—— this young giant, who is obliged to nurse a "base-ball" mustache, is always eminently happy in the possession of a little wife of this description?

HER!

"WE GET from this story of Moses,"
Said the eloquent woman in specs
(As a final essay to illustrate
The masculine might of her sex),
"A striking example that gives us
A proof of the truth I aver—
There's *equal* demand in a crisis
For aid from both Aaron and *Hur!*"

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

NOT ONE ESCAPED HIM.

Niece—"Did you see the obelisk in Central park, Uncle Abner?"

Uncle Abner—"Yes. I seen all the animals."

THE PROPER THING.

FIRST PRIZE-FIGHTER—"Wot yer studyin', Swipesey?"

SECOND PRIZE-FIGHTER—"De latest speech uv a populist guv'ner. I'm committin' it ter mem'ry."

FIRST PRIZE-FIGHTER—"Wot fer?"

SECOND PRIZE-FIGHTER—"Why, me an' de Black Cuckoo is goin' ter meet ter-night an' try ter come ter an agreement 'bout de terms uv our next fight, an' dis is de strongest language I kin find ter call him an' his manager down wid."

RIGHT TO THE POINT.

AT A large dinner the hostess turned to the rector, a very nervous man, and requested him to ask a blessing. A silence fell upon the company, who were electrified a few seconds later as the rector rose and said,

"Oh, Lord, we are thy sheep; make us meet for thy pasture."

AND VERY WISE IN HIM.

THE most honest and upright deacon in a church will usually carry his umbrella to his pew on a rainy Sunday instead of leaving it near the door.

"A FULL-BLOODED IRISH SETTER."

EVIDENCE OF LUXURY.

Mrs. McCarty—"Shure, an' Mrs. O'Toole do live foine."

Mrs. McCanty—"Phwat makes ye say thot?"

Mrs. McCarty—"Moike sez whin she called O'Toole in to dinner yeshterday she said, 'O'Toole, come in to yer tay an' foive eggs.'"

HUMANE, AT LEAST.

Jack—"You may say what you please, but Miss de Vere has a kind and sympathetic heart."

Jill—"What makes you think so?"

Jack—"Cholly Fitzhugh asked her last night if his monocle was becoming and she said yes."

THE DOUBLE DROP THAT SETTLED THE "DUST" ARGUMENT.

GAMBLER GABE—"Stacked deck, eh? Wa-al, it wins ther dust jest th' same, an' if yer s' much ez attemp' ter take yer hands outer them pockets I'll"——

TRAPPER TOM (*with a lightning movement*)—"Drap thet gun! Don't haf ter take my hands out when they're gripped onter pocket-derringers like these. Rite erbout thar, now! Slope!"

The round.

The pointed.

The cornered.

The upward.

The downward.

The combination.

NEW HATS TO MATCH THE FACE.

A NEW IDEA.

"MISTAH SCADDS, I was ober to ole Mistis Gawsip's house, an' I obsarved dat she allus keeps her clock an hour ahead ob time. How yo' gwine account faw dat?"

"I dunno, Mistah Chadbourne, widout dat's de way she come to know eberyt ing dat transpiah in de village befo' it happen."

THAT WOULD MAKE THEM UNHAPPY.

Cumso—"Senator Peffer and other populists make a great fuss about taxes, but what would they have done if they had lived in Russia in the time of Peter the great?"

Cawker—"What about Peter?"

Cumso—"Peter the great imposed a tax on whiskers."

A RENEGADE.

FRAYED FOLEY—"Say, Limpty, dat Welcome Walker is no longer a fren' of ours."

LIMPTY GIGGINS (*with feeble interest*)—"Why 's dat?"

FRAYED FOLEY (*contemptuously*)—"Why, I seed him readin' de *Christian at Work*."

ROBBED.

MISS BLACK—"How pretty your daughter looks to-night. I wonder where she got all her good looks?"

MRS. WHITE—"She must have taken them from her mother."

MISS BLACK—"Ah, yes; too bad."

KEEPING UP WITH HER.

"SAY, brother, why have you got your cards engraved 'Mr. Jym Hawkins'?"

"To keep up to your gait, sister. Yours are engraved 'Miss Carolyn Hawkins.'"

IN THE ART-GALLERY.

Mr. Flowerie (the popular connoisseur, explaining things to some Chicago friends)—"It is the soul of the artist that gives expression to his picture, that warms with life the colors on the canvas, that transmutes the inanimate minerals of his pigment into vital spirit and illuminates the whole with the psychic spark of genius. Observe that Corot—how rich it is in this soulful effect."

Chorus (of Chicago friends)—"Ah, but isn't it a dandy?"

ALL OVER BETWEEN THEM.

He—"Oh, yes; when I was in England I was enthusiastically received in court circles."

She (snippy)—"What was the charge against you?"

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Clara—"I wonder why every one is talking about this book?"

Maude—"Probably because it is unfit to talk about."

THE DIPLOMATIC WIFE AND THE FOOLISH HUSBAND.

THE WIFE—"I really am ashamed of you. There's young Strutter, crows every morning at four o'clock, before you're awake."

THE HUSBAND—"What do you wish, love?"

THE WIFE—"Why, show yourself to be a rooster among roosters. Crow every morning at three o'clock."

THE HUSBAND—"Anything to please you, dear."

THE FARMER (*next week*)—"This rooster must be crazy. He wakes me up every morning an hour before my time. I'll get rid of the idiot."

THE WIDOW (*next day*)—"Why, really, Mr. Strutter—er—this proposal is so sudden—but—anything to please you, Mr. Strutter—hem!—I am yours."

Judge

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

THE MAN WITH THE MUCK-RAKE.

"There was a man that could look no way but DOWNWARDS, with a muck-rake in his hands. There stood aslo one over his head, with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered to give him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks and the dust."

—*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*

WAR BRIC-A-BRAC.

THROUGH hearing about the naval fight
Where the Chinamen skipped away,
In words ceramic we said of her plight,
She was "old blue China" that day.

Though lacking in polish and modern style
Her appearance is still quite grand.
Whatever her loss we admit, with a smile,
Of late she is nicely Japanned. A. T. W.

LUCID, VERY.

Algie—"I say, deah boy, wh-what's become of—er—er?"——

Gussie—"Oh, you mean the fellah we met at—er—er?"——

Algie—"Ya-as, on the occasion of the—er—er"——

Both—"Ya-as, he, he, he!"

LETTING HIM OFF EASY.

LAWYER—"Well, sir, the suit has finally been decided in your favor and the property is now ours."

CLIENT—"Mine, eh?"

LAWYER—"No, sir; ours. The fees of myself and associate are some two hundred dollars in excess of the value of the property, but you can have that, sir; we will allow you that."

BIBLICAL GEMS.

ON FLOSSY'S sixth birthday her mother made her the present of a ring set with rubies and pearls.

"I think it is very pretty, mamma; only I would rather have had wisdom-stones than rubies," she said.

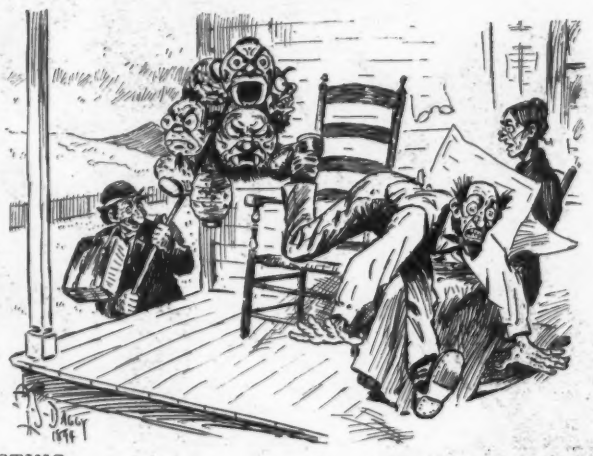
"Wisdom-stones? Why, dear, I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, there are such stones, for my Sunday-school teacher told me that wisdom was more to be desired than rubies."

BUT KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT SNAKES.

"WHICH would you rather be in, Bagley, a den of lions or a cage of snakes?"

"Can't tell, Bailey. You see I never was in a den of lions."



VAIN BOASTING.

UNCLE ABNER—"I'm jest readin' ez how, until the Europeans showed 'em better, them Chinese fellers went ter war with an outfit of horrible paper dragons, false faces, an' so forth, calkerlatin' ter skeer the enemy off with 'em. Wouldn't they a got left ef they'd happened ter hev a scrap with us Yanks in them days!"

PEDDLER (*coming suddenly around corner of house*)—"Zee var mit der Chineeze und Japs make all dese peautiful Jap'neeze goots more dear, bud I zells dem at der reg'lar brice."

HER REASONS.

OLD lady said she was so glad she did not like spinach, because if she did she would eat it, and as she detested it that would be very unpleasant.

PROBABLY NOT.

Clara—"Fido won't eat chicken."

Impecue—"He wouldn't if he was my dog, either."

OVERHEARD AT SYRACUSE.

"YER ain't got no yeller calliker, is yer?"

"Who said I is?"

"That's what I ax yer. Is yer?"

AN ADEPT.

I'VE studied women sweet for years
And got to know them so!
For now just what they'll do (the dears!)
I know that I don't know.

MEMORY ASSISTERS.

Bruce—"What have you got that piece of red ribbon on your watch for?"

Spruce—"My wife put it there for me to remember something for her."

Bruce—"Remember what?"

Spruce—"That's just what I can't remember."

HAMMOCK FIXINGS.

"Say, Jake, whot's dem hooks on yer hoppers fer?"

"Jake, ye are a credit to der perfesh, dat's what ye are."

RATIONAL DRESS.

(A reformer's note to a current controversy.)

Oh, ungallant must be the man indeed
Who calls "nine women out of ten" "knock-kneed"!
And he should not remain in peace for long
Who says "the nether limbs of women" are "all wrong."
Such are the arguments designed to prove
That woman 's ill-advised to make a move
To mannish clothes. These arguments are such
As to be of the kind that prove too much.
If woman's limbs in truth unshapely grow
The present style of dress just makes them so.
—*Punch.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

Out in Kansas a man was shot for insisting on selecting some dress-stuff for women who were shopping at the counter where he was purchasing things for himself. And yet women will take upon themselves to select neckties for male relations, and the latter will sometimes even wear them.—*Evening Sun.*

First youngster—"I've got a new baby-brother what came from heaven last night." *Second youngster*—"That's nothin'. My little baby-brother went to heaven yesterday." *First youngster* (reflectively)—"Pete, I bet it's the same kid."—*Springfield Farm and Home.*

Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American appetizer, cures dyspepsia, etc. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. At all druggists.

It is much easier to run a newspaper than a government. That is why journalism is so much better than governments and editors are so much happier than kings, emperors, presidents, governors, mayors and constables.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Married man—"Not married yet?" *Old chum*—"No, I'm not." *Married man*—"Now see here, old boy; times are changing mighty fast. You take my advice and marry before women get any more emancipated than they are already."—*New York Weekly.*

Brown—"Jones seems to be working hard for the nomination." *Smith*—"I should say so. Just published his fourth letter saying that he is not a candidate."—*Brooklyn Life.*

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WITH RICH CHOCOLATE FLAVOR.
PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE Cocoa

THE PNEUMOGASTRIC NERVE.

Upon an average, twice a week,
When anguish clouds my brow,
My good physician friend I seek
To know "what ails me now."
He taps me on the back and chest
And scans my tongue for bile,
And lays an ear against my breast
And listens there a while.
Then is he ready to admit
That all he can observe
Is something wrong inside, to wit—
My pneumogastric nerve.

Now when these Latin names within
Dyspeptic hulks like mine
Go wrong a fellow should begin
To draw what's called the line.
It seems, however, that this same
Which in my hulk abounds
Is not, despite its awful name,
So fatal as it sounds;
Yet of all torments known to me
I'll say without reserve
There is no torment like to thee,
Thou pneumogastric nerve!

This subtle, envious nerve appears
To be a patient foe—
It waited nearly forty years
Its chance to lay me low;
Then, like some blithering blast of hell,
It struck this guileless bard,
And in that evil hour I fell
Prodigious far and hard.
Alas! what things I dearly love—
Pies, puddings and preserves—
Are sure to rouse the vengeance of
All pneumogastric nerves.

Oh, that I could remodel man!
I'd end these cruel pains
By hitting on a different plan
From that which now obtains.
The stomach, greatly amplified,
Anon should occupy
The all of that domain inside
Where heart and lungs now lie;
But first of all I should depose
That diabolic curve
And author of my thousand woes,
The pneumogastric nerve.
—*Eugene Field.*

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For love, you know, is blind.
—*New York Herald.*

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Thinks he will not love again;
Rails at woman and her wiles
And loves the next time woman smiles.
—*Anon.*

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Why it Falls Off, Turns Gray, and the Remedy.
By PROF. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
C. K. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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Cholly—"I wondah where—ah—Algy pwocures his beautiful accent, dontcher know?" *Dolly*—"Why, didn't the deah boy tell you? He has all his teeth diwect from—aw—London."—*Jewish Messenger.*

Wife—"This is the third time you have come home tipsy this week." *Hubby*—"D-don't be so p-pessimistic, my dear. You should think of the four nights I come home sober."—*Boston Home Journal.*

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A judge in crossing the Irish channel one stormy night knocked against a well-known witty lawyer, who was suffering terribly from sea-sickness. "Can I do anything for you?" said the judge. "Yes," gasped the sea-sick lawyer. "I wish your lordship would overrule this motion."—*White Mountain Echo.*

Explorer Peary returned from the arctic regions with a daughter, which he has named Marie, from a song entitled "Sweet Marie," said to be quite popular among the Esquimaux inhabiting the far regions in which he has been making a temporary residence.—*Troy Press.*

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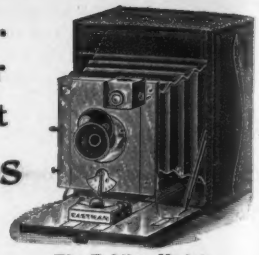

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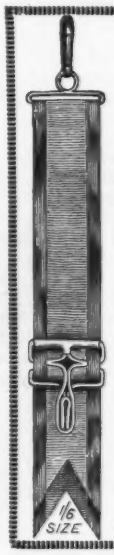

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A woman on a vacation usually leaves more clothes at every place she stops than a man takes with him.—*Atchison Globe.*

There are a good many people who want to do good, but they are going to wait until tomorrow to begin.—*Ram's Horn.*

Waiter—"Ah, but this does not include the waiter, mister." *Guest* (who has given correct change)—"Why, bless me, man! did I eat the waiter?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

Fresh-air boy—"Mister, do you have to buy chewing-gum for all those cows?"—*Harlem Life.*

Sometimes a man keeps his word because no one else will take it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

When a man gets up into his family-tree and looks down upon the passers-by his usefulness has departed.—*Boston Gazette.*

Mebbe de recordin' angel blots out campane lies an' mebbe he don't.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

A stray philosopher asserts that this is the age of woman. But of course he doesn't dare give the exact figures.—*Albany Argus.*

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The famous Star & Crescent Bath Robes are now made in all the

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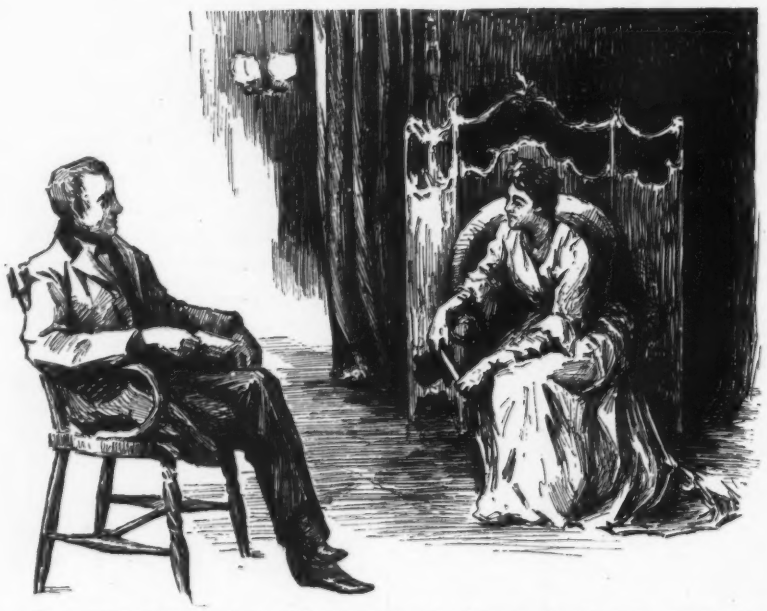

DE SAPHT—"Do you know, Miss Bond, that I seldom touch wine? It—ah—it—eh—always seems to make a fool of me."

MISS BOND—"Well, I've often heard papa say that it greatly assisted nature."

Satan may quote scripture with burning eloquence, but to save him he cannot lead a Christian life.—*Poughkeepsie New-Press.*

Since the pretty maid came back from the sea
She has lost her freckles and tan,
And she's glad to be back to a place where she
Can occasionally see a man.
—*New York Press.*

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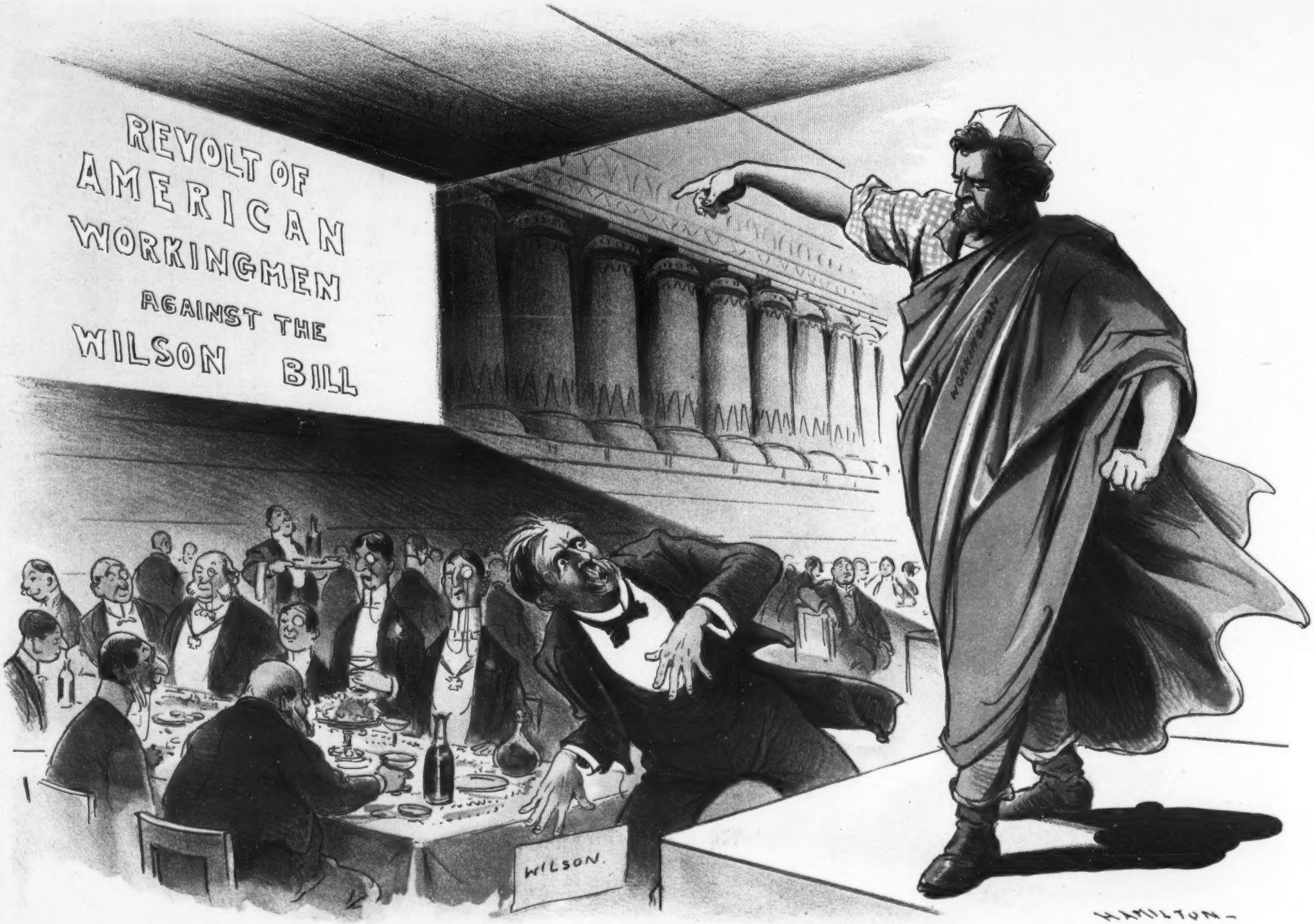

The London chamber of commerce gave William L. Wilson a grand dinner September 27th.

THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

"Rhode Island, having given a Democratic plurality of 185 in 1893, goes Republican in 1894 by more than 6,000. Oregon, which elected its present Governor, as a Democrat, by 5,000 plurality, goes Republican by about 7,000. Tennessee, Democratic for Governor in 1892 by 27,000 plurality in spite of an Independent-Democratic movement which drew off 30,000 votes from the regular candidate, is Democratic yet, but with the plurality of two years ago cut just in half. Alabama, the home of Democratic majorities of from 50,000 to more than 100,000, is saved this year with hardly more than 20,000 to spare. Arkansas, 40,000 Democratic for Cleveland in 1892, goes down to 25,000 or thereabouts. Vermont, Republican by 14,000 at the last election of a Governor, doubles her Republican majority this year. Maine falls in line with the heaviest Republican majority within the memory of the present generation, a majority greater even than Grant's over Greeley, twenty-two years ago, and more than double Harrison's over Cleveland in 1892. And now comes Georgia, which went Democratic in 1892 by 81,000 and in 1890 by 105,000, with a vote so close that the party managers would be happy this morning to claim with certainty a beggarly 20,000 in that former stronghold of Democracy.

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